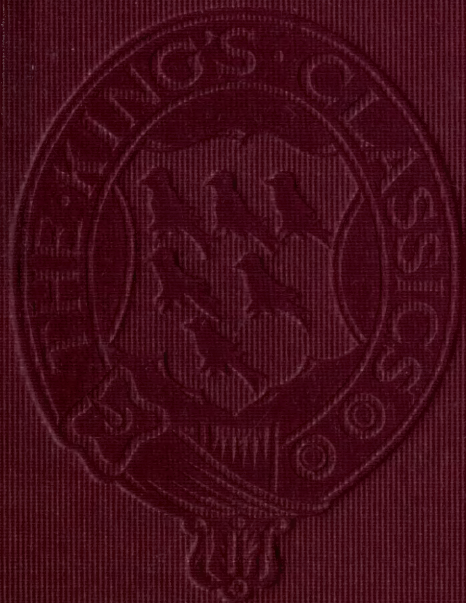
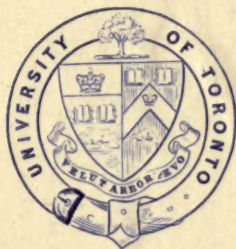


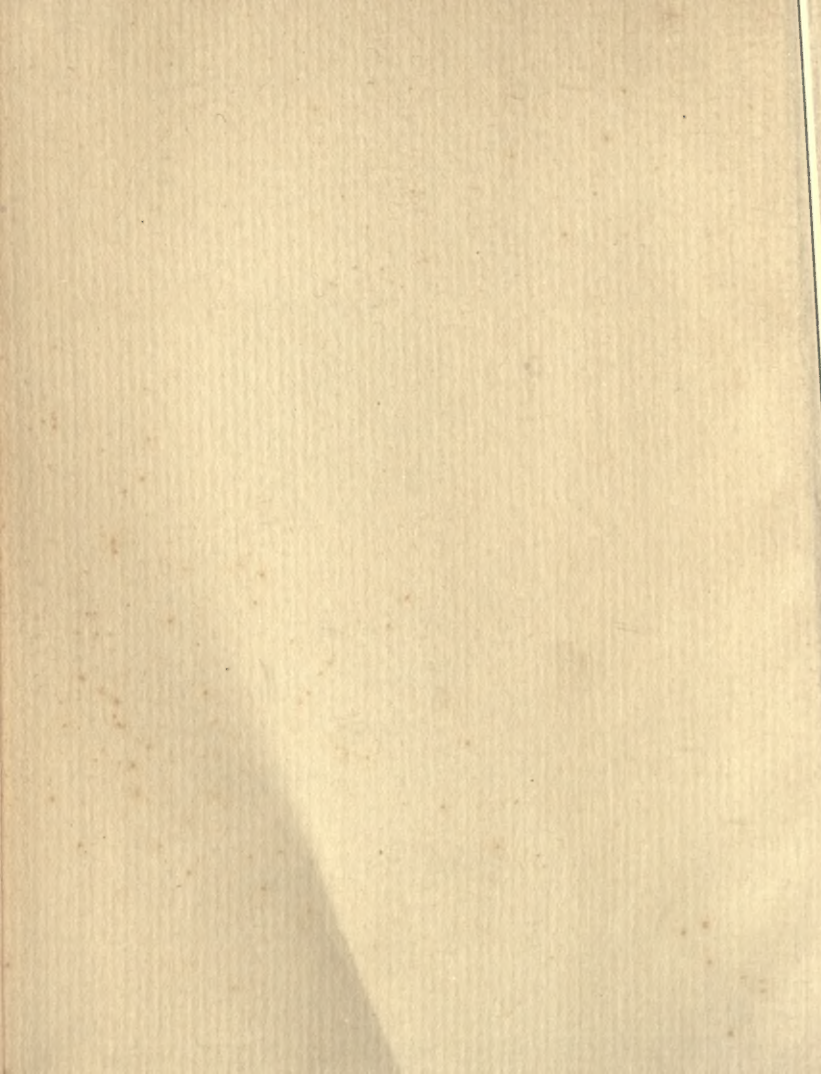


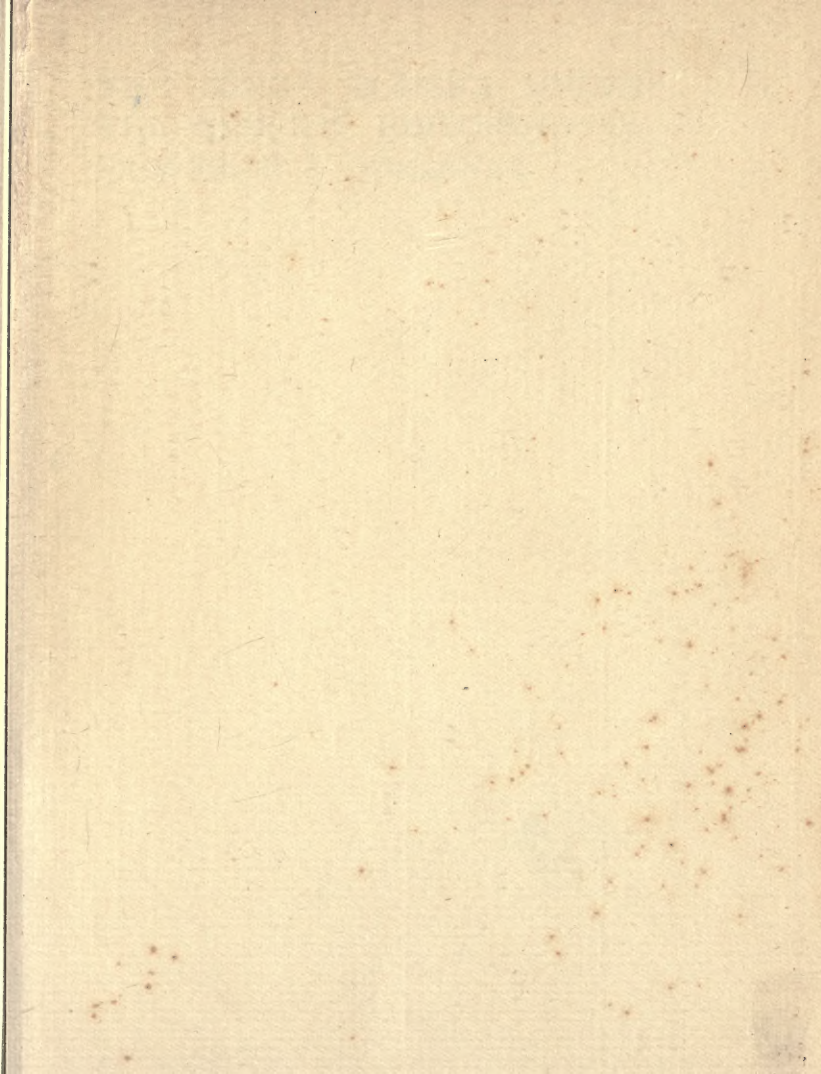
3 1761 06838661 4





Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by
Mrs. J. S. Hart





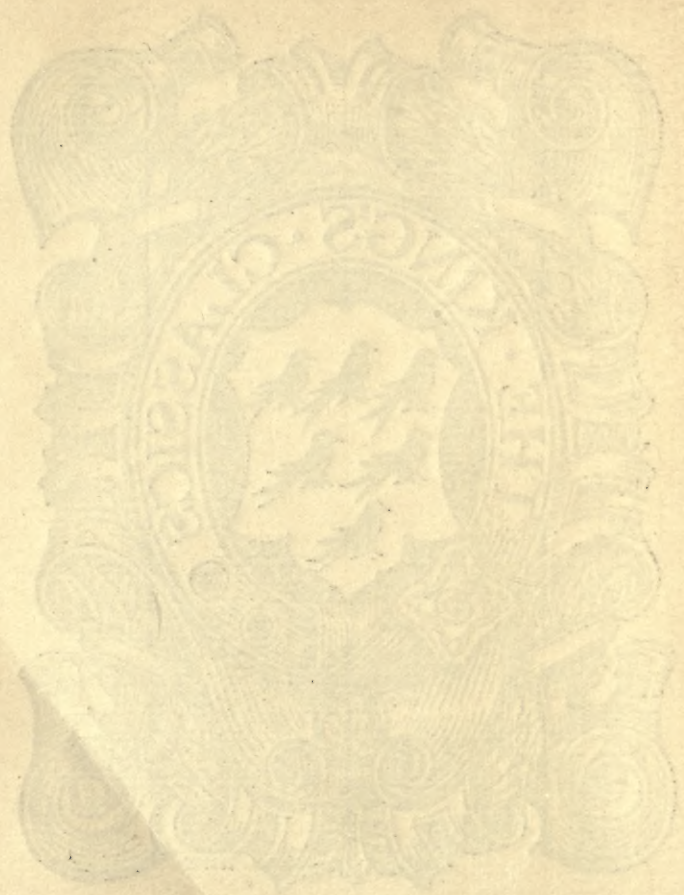


THE KING'S CLASSICS UNDER
THE GENERAL EDITORSHIP OF
PROFESSOR I. GOLLANCZ



THE FIRST CLASS OF THE
THE UNIVERSITY OF THE
THE UNIVERSITY OF THE





THE POETS ROYAL OF
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

All rights reserved





IACOBVS . I . REX . SCOTORVM .

IACOBVS I. An. Christi. 1424.

CORPORE non ingens, inuidus robore mentis,
Omni genis auxil regna beata bonis.

King James I of Scotland author of "The Queen's Debate"
after the early engraving now in the British Museum

~~THE POETS ROYAL~~
THE POETS ROYAL
OF ENGLAND AND
SCOTLAND EDITED
BY WILLIAM BAILEY-
KEMPLING



429876
24.11.44

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PUBLISHERS
LONDON, 1908

KINGS

. WITH THE MUSES EASE THEIR WEARIED MINDS.
THEN BLUSH NOT . . . TO PROTECT,
WHAT GODS INSPIRE, AND KINGS DELIGHT TO HEAR.
.
WISE WERE THE KINGS . . .

ROSCOMMON'S HORACE, *Of the Art of Poetry*,

PR

1178

R6K4

TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE
PRINCESS LOUISE,
DUCHESS OF ARGYLL,

THIS VOLUME

IS

by permission

DEDICATED

PREFACE

BRITISH "princes have dipt at times their pens in ink," says Mallet. The result of this *dipping* is a considerable amount of rhyme, and some few examples of true poesy; the greater bulk of which is preserved to this day, and catalogued by Walpole, and Park. These compositions, however, scattered up and down in half-forgotten tomes, have not, hitherto, been published in an accessible form. Therefore an anthology of verse purporting to be of Royal and Noble authorship may be allowed, at least, some claim to consideration.

In such a work it is manifestly undesirable to attempt any discussion of vexed questions of authenticity; the pieces herein being accepted in good faith, like many others before and since, by those whose critical acumen is deserving of all respect.

Obvious forgeries, and poems written for and in the name of certain monarchs by other people, have, in

each case, been rejected. Of these, a large number is known to exist. The same also applies to the rhymed Charters commonly ascribed to Edward Confessor, Athelstan, etc., and to various Royal Riddles (so-called). The book, indeed, might easily have been expanded to more than double its present size by the including of such items as the *Casket Sonnets* under the name of Mary of Scotland, and *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, *Peeblis to the Play*, *The Jolly Beggar*, etc., which some critics would ascribe to James V of Scotland only because they cannot well inflict them upon James I, albeit there are occasional persons found bold enough even for that.

As for the merits of the various Royal Poets, all that need now be said is that the Stuart would seem to rank higher than the Tudor or Plantagenet. James I, of Scotland, conspicuously excelling. The *King's Quire* will be remembered when much that is less worthy is forgotten. It is the earliest great Scots poem extant, and, like the work of our own Alfred, enduring to all futurity.

In regard to text, everything has been done to secure what may be regarded as the best possible in the circumstances. Manuscripts and early and later texts have been compared side by side: spelling has been

modernised as far as was found expedient: punctuation has also received some little care, and one or two new translations are here printed for the first time. (See also NOTES.)

The Noble Authors here represented include only those who were allied to Royalty by marriage ties; the list is not exhaustive.

Certain stray poetic trifles and fragments, though not essential to the garland, are, perhaps, entitled to some sort of place. A passing prefatory notice of these, therefore, may not be out of order; among them two, at least, have enjoyed comparative popularity.

Spenser eulogised Queen Elizabeth's "peerless skill in *making* well;" and he was a better critic than a flatterer. According to Fuller, she was an adept with the ready rebus and distich, of which forms of composition the antiquary gives several examples. One of these, written by the Queen upon Noel, is certainly *à propos*, and runs:

"The word of *denial*, the letter of *fifty*,
Is that gentleman's name who will never be thrifty."

The author of the *Worthies*, however, subsequently credited this to Sir Walter Raleigh. He also relates

how that Raleigh, having scratched upon a window pane, with a diamond ring, the words :

“ Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall,”

Elizabeth, who was present, immediately added below :

“ If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.”

Again, Mary, ‘ Queen of Scots,’ on good authority, is said to have written, upon a window in Fotheringay Castle :

“ From the top of all my trust,
Mishap has laid me in the dust.”

Seward affirms, that, on a blank leaf of a book in the Treaty House, Newport, Isle of Wight, Charles I wrote :

“ A coward’s still unsafe ; but courage knows
No other foe but him who doth oppose.”

Then there is King Charles’ famous ‘ Golden Rules,’ or :

Twelve good rules found in the study of King Charles the First of blessed memory :—

“ Profane	}	No	{ Divine Ordinances
Touch	}	No	{ State Matters
Urge	}	No	{ Healths
Pick	}	No	{ Quarrels
Maintain	}	No	{ Ill Opinions
Encourage	}	No	{ Vice

Repeat	}	No	{	Grievances
Reveal		No		Secrets
Make	}	No	{	Comparisons
Keep		No		Bad Company
Make	}	No	{	Long Meals
Lay		No		Wagers

These rules observed will obtain
Thy peace and everlasting gain."

Once more, when the witty Earl of Rochester wrote his famous mock epitaph on Charles II :

"Here lies the mutton-eating king
Whose word no man relies on ;
He never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one ;"

it is asserted that the equally witty monarch observed :

"If death could speak, the king would say,
In justice to his crown,
His acts they were his ministers',
His words they were his own."

And finally, Mary II, a queen evidently incapable of anything vindictive, having discovered the alleged duplicity of L'Estrange, wrote him down :

"Roger L'Estrange,
Lying strange Roger !"

So much, then, for these right royal squibs.

The Editor is indebted to the kindness of Professor Gollancz for his translation from King Alfred ; to the Rev. Professor Skeat for much valued assistance in preparing a revised text of the selected stanzas from *The Kingis Quair*, and the *Ballad of Good Counsel*, as well as for compiling notes, reading proofs, etc. ; to Dr. Edmund Gosse, for an important reference ; to Messrs. Chambers and Sidgwick, and to Mr. Bullen, for permission to quote from *Early English Lyrics* ; and to Mr. J. R. Tutin, beside other friends, for much timely suggestion and help. Without this generous aid the work would have been very imperfect.

In conclusion one would say with the author of *The King's Quire* :

“ Go litill tretise, nakit of eloquence,
 Causing simplese and pouertee to wit,
 And pray the reder to have pacience
 Of thy defaute, and to supporten it,
 Of his gudnese thy brukilnese to knytt,
 And his tong for to reule[n] and to stere,
 That thy defautis helit may ben here.”

W. BAILEY-KEMPLING.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	xi
THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND	
KING ALFRED	3
RICHARD I	5
EDWARD II.	7
EDWARD PLANTAGENET	9
HENRY VI.	12
GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE	13
EARL RIVERS	14
ELIZABETH OF YORK	17
HENRY VIII	20
ANNE BOLEYN	27
GEORGE BOLEYN	28
SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR	31
ANNE, MARGARET AND JANE SEYMOUR	32
EDWARD VI	35

	PAGE
THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND— <i>continued</i>	
LADY JANE GREY	39
QUEEN ELIZABETH	41
JAMES I	45
ELIZABETH STUART	52
CHARLES I	55
CHARLES II	60
EARL OF CLARENDON	62
THE POETS ROYAL OF SCOTLAND	
JAMES I	67
MARGARET STUART	75
JAMES V	78
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS	82
LORD DARNLEY	87
NOTES	91
GLOSSARY	101
INDEX TO FIRST LINES	105

THE POETS ROYAL OF
ENGLAND

THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

I

KING ALFRED

849-901

“O Reason, well knoweth thou that the greed of covetousness and the possession of this earthly power never greatly pleased me, nor ever yearned I overmuch for this earthly sovereignty. Lo! my desire was but for the means necessary for the work I was set to do, that I might honourably and fittingly steer the mighty power entrusted to me.

Verily, thou knowest that no man can show any skill, nor can he steer any craft without tackle and gear. Every skill needeth its tools ; and without these a man cannot work. A king also must have his materials and tools. His tools are these,—a well-peopled land, with men of prayer, men of war, men of work. Well

4 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

knoweth thou that without these tools a king cannot show his skill.

Eke must he have the materials for their maintenance; and they are these,—land for them to dwell in, gifts, weapons, meat, ale, clothes, and all other requirements. Without these he cannot keep his tools aright; without the tools he cannot perform any of the duties entrusted to him.

So I, too, have desired the means wherewith to wield my sway, that my craftsmanship and my power might not be forgotten or hidden; for every gift and every power soon groweth old, and nought is heard of it, if wisdom be not with it. Without wisdom a man cannot bring forth any faculty; and whatsoever a man doeth in folly cannot be accounted as skill.

In a word, I would now say that I have ever desired to live honourably while I live, and after my life to leave to those who come after me my memory in good works."

*(Translated from Old English Version of Boethius :
de Consolatione Philosophiæ.)*

II

KING RICHARD THE FIRST

1157-1199

IF captive wight attempt the tuneful strain,
His voice, belike, full dolefully will sound ;
Yet, to the sad, 'tis comfort to complain.

Friends have I store, and promises abound ;
Shame on the niggards ! since, these winters twain
Unransom'd, still I bear a tyrant's chain.

Full well they know, my lords and nobles all,
Of England, Normandy, Guienne, Poictou,
Ne'er did I slight my poorest vassal's call,
But all, whom wealth could buy, from chains with-
drew.

Not in reproach I speak, nor idly vain,
But I alone unpitied bear the chain.

My fate will show, "the dungeon and the grave
Alike repel our kindred and our friends."

6 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

Here am I left their paltry gold to save !

Sad fate is mine ; but worse their crime attends,
Their lord will die ; their conscience shall remain,
And tell how long I wore this galling chain.

No wonder though my heart with grief boil o'er,

When he, my perjur'd lord, invades my lands ;
Forgets he then the oaths he lately swore,

When both, in treaty, join'd our plighted hands ?
Else, sure I ween, I should not long remain,
Unpitied here to wear a tyrant's chain.

To those my friends, long lov'd, and ever dear,

To gentle Chaill, and kind Persarain,
Go forth my song, and say, whate'er they hear,
To them my heart was never false or vain.
Should they rebel—but no ; their souls disdain
With added weight to load a captive's chain.

Know then the youths of Anjou and Touraine,

Those lusty bachelors, those airy lords,
That these vile walls their captive king restrain ?

Sure they in aid will draw their loyal swords !
Alas ! nor faith, nor valour, now remain ;
Sighs are but wind, and I must bear my chain.

*

*

*

*

III

KING EDWARD THE SECOND

1284-1327

WHAT time rough winter's blasts the earth did
tame,
Storms of ill-fortune shook my glorious frame.
There's none so wise, so merciful and fair,
Prudent and shining with all virtues rare,
But he's by abject wretches trampled down,
If fortune once on his endeavours frown.
That hand, that once did grace to all dispense,
Can move no heart to a remorseful sense.
That royal face, whose smiles afforded bliss,
With clouds of dark dishonour blackened is.
My vassals, once, do spurn me now ; and those
Whom I esteem'd my friends, do prove my foes.
Oh ! who that heard how once they prais'd my
name,
Would think that from those tongues these slanders
came ?

8 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

But, sinful soul, why dost thou thus repine
When justly humbled by the hand Divine ?
A Father's scourge is for our profit meant :
I see Thy rod, and, Lord, I am content.
Chide me, my Father, till Thou wilt give o'er,
Afflict till Thou art pleased to restore.
Thy son submits and doth Thy will obey,
But grieves thus long he did this work delay.
Now then, my Father, view my wretched case,
And shine upon me with a smiling face.
Forgive what's past : for what's to come assist ;
Then I'll take gladly what my murd'ers list.
I've lost my kingdom ; yet shall not repine,
If, after all, I gain but that of Thine.
To Thee, sweet Jesus, humbly here I bend :
I loathe my sins, do Thou my pardon send.
Fountain of Love, allow my hearty prayers ;
Remember Thine Own blood, tho' not my tears.
When man afflicts, then, Lord, do Thou forgive ;
And when I die, grant that my soul may live.

IV

EDWARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF
YORK

Died 1415 (?)

EXCELLENT sovereign! seemly to see,
Proved prudence, peerless of price,
Bright blossom of benignity,
Figure fairest and freshest of device.

I recommend me to your royalness,
As lowly as I can or may,
Beseeching inwardly your gentleness;
Let never faint heart true love betray.

Your womanly beauty delicious
Hath me hent all into his chain,
But ye grant me your love gracious,
My heart will melt as snow in rain.

If ye wist my life, and knew
And of the pains that I feel,
I wys ye would upon me rue,
Though your heart were made of steel,

10 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

And though ye be of high renoun,
Let mercy incline your heart so free,
To you, lady, this is my boun,
To grant me grace, in some degree.

To your mercy would ye me take,
If your will were for to do,
Then would I truly for your sake
Change my chere and slake my woe.

My heart is set in your delight,
Preveth it well be experience,
And to you my troth I plight,
That ever I dread your offence.

Alas! that God ne had
By very reason of truth,
In your person properly made
Half your beauty, mercy, and ruth.

But fortune is nothing my friend,
But ever she casteth me to spill,
For love I may no longer lend,
So he proposeth me to spill.

But since it stant in such degree,
And may none otherwise trend,
Of farewell, my end shall be,
To youward, wherever ye wend.

* * * *

Explicit Amor. per ducem Ebor. nup. fact.

V

KING HENRY THE SIXTH

1421-1461

KINGDOMS are but cares,
 State is devoid of stay,
 Riches are ready snares,
 And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy prick
 Which vice doth still provoke ;
 Pomp, imprompt ; and fame, a flame ;
 Power, a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock
 Owt of the slimy mud,
 Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
 The swelling of the flood.

Patience is the armour and conquest of the godly :
 this meriteth mercy, when causless is suffered sorrow.

Nought else is war but fury and madness, wherein is
 not advice, but rashness : not right, but rage, ruleth
 and reigneth. HENRY.

VI

GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE

ON HIS PRESENTING A WHITE ROSE TO LADY ANN
BEAUCHAMP, OF THE LANCASTRIAN PARTY

SHOULD this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed on thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lips it spy,
To kiss it shouldst thou deign,
With blushes pale, 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

VII

ANTHONY WIDVILLE, EARL RIVERS

1442-1483

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS

SOMEWHAT musing,
And more mourning,
In remembring
The unsteadfastness ;
This world being
Of such wheeling,
Me contrarying,
What may I guess ?

I fear doutless
Remedyless,
Is now to cess
My woefull chance ;
[For unkindness
Withouten less,
And no redress,
Me doth advance.

With displesance
To my great grievance
And no surance
 Of remedy ;]
Lo ! in this trance,
Now in substance,
Such is my dance,
 Willing to die.

Me thinketh truly
Bounden am I,
And that greatly,
 To be content ;
Saying plainly,
Fortune doth wry
All contrary
 For mine entent.

My life was lent
To an entent,
It is nigh spent ;
 Welcome fortune !
Yet I ne went
Thus to be shent,
But she is ment ;
 Such is her wone.

16 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

“This poem was imitated by a later author in the following lines, which, though of very late date, were attributed to Chaucer ! ”—SKEAT.

A LONE walking,
In thought plainyng,
And sore sighyng
All desolate.
Me remembryng
Of my livyng,
My death wishyng
Both erly and late, etc.

VIII

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF YORK

1466-1503

MY heart is set upon a lusty pin ;
 I pray to Venus of good continuance,
 For I rejoice the case that I am in,
 Deliver'd from sorrow, annex'd to pleasance,
 Of all comfort having abundance ;
 This joy and I, I trust, shall never twin—
 My heart is set upon a lusty pin.

I pray to Venus of good continuance
 Since she hath set me in the way of ease ;
 My hearty service with my attendance
 So to continue it ever I may please ;
 Thus voiding from all pensful disease,
 Now stand I whole far from all grievance—
 I pray to Venus of good continuance.

18 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

For I rejoyce the case that I am in,
My gladness is such that giveth me no pain,
And so to sorrow never shall I blynne,
And though I would I may not me refrain ;
My heart and I so set 'tis certain
We shall never slake, but ever new begin—
For I rejoyce the case that I am in.

Deliver'd from sorrow, annex'd to pleasance,
That all my joy I set as aught of right,
To please as after my simple suffisance
To me the goodliest, most beauteous in sight ;
A very lantern to all other light,
Most to my comfort on her remembrance—
Deliver'd from sorrow, annex'd to pleasance.

Of all comfort having abundance,
As when that I think that goodlihead
Of that most feminine and meek countenance
Very mirror and star of womanhead ;
Whose right good fame so large abroad doth spread,
Full glad for me to have recognisance—
Of all comfort having abundance.

This joy and I, I trust, shall never twin,
 So that I am so far forth in the trace,
 My joys be double where others' are but thin,
 For I am stably set in such a place,
 Where beauty 'creaseth and ever willeth grace,
 Which is full famous and born of noble kin—
 This joy and I, I trust, shall never twin.

Finis, quod Queen Elizabeth.

IX

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

1491-1547

I

THE eagle's force subdues each bird that flies,
 What metal can resist the flaming fire?
 Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes,
 And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?
 The hardest stones are pierced through with tools,
 The wisest are, with princes, made but fools.

2

PASTIME with good company
 I love and shall, until I die.
 Grudge who lust, but none deny,
 So God be pleased, so live will I.
 For my pastance
 Hunt, sing and dance,

My heart is set :
All goodly sport
To my comfort
Who shall me let ?

Youth must have some dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance.
Company me thinks the best,
All thoughts and fancies to digest ;
For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all :
Then who can say
But mirth and play
Is best of all ?

Company with honesty
Is virtue, vices to flee ;
Company is good and ill,
But every man has his free-will.
The best ensue,
The worst eschew !
My mind shall be,
Virtue to use,
Vice to refuse,
Thus shall I use me.

3

AS the holly groweth green,
And never changeth hue,
So am I, and ever have been,
Unto my lady true.

Green groweth the holly, so doth the ivy,
Though wintry blasts blow never so high,
Green groweth the holly.

As the holly groweth green
With ivy all alone,
When flowers cannot be seen
And greenwood leaves be gone.

Green groweth, etc.

Now unto my lady
Promise to her I make,
From all other only
To her I me betake.

Green groweth, etc.

Adieu, mine own lady,
Adieu, my special,

Who hath my heart truly,
Be sure, and ever shall.

Green groweth, etc.

4

WITHOUT discord,
And both accord,
Now let us be ;
Both hearts alone
To set in one,
Best seemeth me.

For when a soul
Is in the dole
Of love's pain ;
Then help must have
Himself to save
And love to obtain.

Wherefore now we,
That lovers be,
Let us now pray ;
Only love sure
For to procure,
Without deny.

Where love so seweth
 There no heart rueth,
 But condescend ;
 If contrary,
 What remedy ?
 God it amend !

5

THOUGH some say that youth ruleth me
 I trust in age to tarry,
 God and my right and my duty
 From them shall I never vary.

I pray you all that aged be
 How well did you your youth carry ?
 I think some wars of each degree,
 There in a wager lay dare I
 Though some say, etc.

Pastimes of youth some time among
 None can say are but necessary ;
 I hurt no man, I do no wrong,
 I love true where I did marry.
 Though some say, etc.

Then so discuss that hence we must
 Pray to God and Saint Mary ;
 That all amend, and here an end,
 Thus saith the eighth King Harry.
 Though some say, etc.

6

WHOSO that will for grace sue
 His intent must needs be true,
 And love her in heart and deed
 Else it were pity that he should speed.
 Many say that love is ill,
 But those be they who have no skill ;

 Or else because they may not obtain
 They would that others should it disdain.
 But love is a thing given by God,
 In that therefore can be no odd,
 But perfect indeed and between two ;
 Wherefore then should we it eschew ?

7

WHERETO should I express
 My inward heaviness ?
 No mirth can make me fain
 Till that we meet again.

Do way, dear heart, not so,
Let no thought you dismay,
Tho' ye now part me fro,
We shall meet when we may.

When I remember me
Of your most gentle mind,
It may in nowise agree
That I should be unkind.

The daisy delectable,
The violet wan and blo,
Ye are not variable,
I love you and no moe.

I make you fast and sure,
It is to me great pain
Thus long for to endure
Till that we meet again.

X

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN

1507-1536

DEFILED is my name full sore,
Through cruel spite and false report,
That I may say for evermore,
Farewell, my joy ! adieu comfort !
For wrongfully ye judge of me
Unto my fame a mortal wound,
Say what ye list, it will not be,
Ye seek for that can not be found.

XI

GEORGE BOLEYN
VISCOUNT ROCHEFORD

Died 1536

O DEATH, rock me asleep,
Bring me a quiet rest,
Let pass my weary guiltless ghost,
Out of my careful breast.
Toll on the passing bell,
Ring out the doleful knell ;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

My pains who can express ?
Alas, they are so strong ;
My dolours will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong.
Toll on the passing bell ;
Ring out the doleful knell ;

Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
 For I must die,
 There is no remedy.

Alone, in prison strong,
 I wail my destiny.
 Woe worth this cruel hap that I
 Must taste this misery !
 Toll on the passing bell ;
 Ring out the doleful knell ;
 Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
 For I must die,
 There is no remedy.

Farewell, my pleasures past,
 Welcome, my present pain !
 I feel my torment so increase
 That life cannot remain.
 Toll on the passing bell ;
 Ring out the doleful knell ;
 Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
 For I must die,
 There is no remedy.

Cease now the passing bell,
Ring out the doleful knoll,
For thou my death dost tell.
Lord, pity thou my soul !
Death doth draw nigh.
Sound dolefully ;
For now I die,
I die, I die.

XII

SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR,
BARON SEYMOUR OF SUDLEY

1508-1549

FORGETTING God to love a king
Hath been my rod, or else nothing
In this frail life, being a blast
Of care and strife till it be past.
Yet God did call me, in my pride
Lest I should fall, and from Him slide.
For whom He loves He must correct,
That they may be of His elect.
Then, death, haste thee, thou shalt me gain
Immortally with God to reign.
Lord ! send the king like years as Noye,
In governing this realm in joy ;
And, after this frail life, such grace,
That in Thy bliss he may find place.

XIII

THE LADIES ANNE, MARGARET AND
JANE SEYMOUR

THE TOMB OF MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, QUEEN
OF NAVARRE

by

THE THREE SISTERS, ANNE, MARGARET AND JANE
SEYMOUR

A QUEEN, without peer
In renown and holiness,
First also in piety—
Marguerite sleeps here.

Happy she who was found
Ready and waiting,
Her lamp full of oil,
For the bridegroom's coming.

Marguerite has deserted
The prison of the body,
Now she roams at will
In the heavenly city.

THE LADIES SEYMOUR

33

With Saint Paul I would say,
That the queen who sleeps here,
Sleeps only to wake
At the last day.

She was held perfect
By common consent,
And common consent
Is often true.

What did she see on earth ?
Sadness and bitter trouble ;
Whereas now in Heaven
She has joy eternal.

To Christ she gave her soul
Who deliver'd her from death ;
For to die in Thee, O Christ,
Is indeed to live.

Her forehead here was crowned
With diadem uncertain,
The eternal Captain
Has crowned her an immortal.

34 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

Three times, distinct and loud,
She called the name of Jesus,
And Jesus answering thrice,
Received her in His arms.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

XIV

KING EDWARD THE SIXTH

1537-1553

UPON THIS SAYING OF AN ANTIENT DOCTOR OF
CATHOLIKE CHURCH ; *Dicimus Eucharistiam Panem vo-*
cari in Scripturis, Panis in quo Gratiae actiæ sunt, etc.

IN Eucharist then there is bread;
Whereto I do consent :
Then with bread are our bodies fed ;
And further what is meant ?

St. Austin saith, the word doth come
Unto the element ;
And there is made, he saith, in sum,
A perfect sacrament.

The element doth then remain ;
Or else must needs ensue,
St. Austin's words be nothing plain,
Nor cannot be found true.

36 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

For if the word, as he doth say,
Come to the element ;
Then is not the element away,
But bides there *verament*.

Yet whoso eateth that lively food,
And hath a perfect faith,
Receiveth Christ's flesh and blood ;
For Christ Himself so saith.

Not with our teeth His flesh to tear,
Nor take blood for our drink ;
Too great an absurdity it were
So grossly for to think.

For we must eat Him spiritually,
If we be spiritual :
And whoso eats Him carnally,
Thereby shall have a fall.

For He is now a spiritual meat,
And spiritually we must
That spiritual meat spiritually eat,
And leave our carnal lust.

Thus by the Spirit, I spiritually
 Believe,—say what men list ;
 None other transubstantiation I
 Believe of the Eucharist.

But that there is both bread and wine
 Which we see with our eye ;
 Yet Christ is there by power Divine,
 To those that spiritually

Do eat that bread and drink that cup,
 Esteeming it but light,
 As Judas did, which ate that sop
 Not judging it aright.

For I was taught, not long ago,
 I should lean to the Spirit,
 And let the carnal flesh alone,
 For it doth not profit.

God save him that teaching me taught,
 For I thereby do win
 To put from me that carnal thought
 That I before was in.

38 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

For I believe Christ corporally
In Heaven doth keep His place ;
And yet Christ sacramentally
Is here with us by grace.

So that in His high mystery
We must eat spiritual meat,
To keep His death in memory,
Lest we should it forget.

This do I say, this have I said,
This saying say will I,
This saying, though I once denayed,
I will no more to die.

It was in the same strain that Elizabeth wrote :

CHRIST was the Word they spake it,
He took the bread and brake it,
And what His word did make it,
That I believe and take it.

XV

LADY JANE GREY (DUDLEY)

1537-1553

CERTAIN V E R S E S W R I T T E N B Y T H E S A I D L A D I E
J A N E , W I T H A P I N N E

I

NON aliena putes homini quæ obtingere possunt,
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi.

JANE DUDLEY.

2

DEO juvante, nil nocet livor malus :
Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis.
Post tenebras spero lucem.

TRANSLATIONS

I

WHATE'ER to man, as mortal, is assign'd,
Should raise compassion, reader, in thy mind,
Mourn others' woes and to thine own resign :
That fate which I have found may soon be thine !

BALLARD.

I

TO mortal's common fate thy mind resign,
My lot to-day, to-morrow may be thine.

SEWARD.

2

WHILE God assists us, envy bites in vain ;
If God forsake us, fruitless all our pain—
After darkness I hope for light again.

BALLARD.

XVI

QUEEN ELIZABETH

1533-1603

I

THE doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as
threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth
ebb,

Which would not be if reason rul'd, or wisdom wove
the webb.

But clouds of joys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent by course of changed
winds.

The top of hope supposed the root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as shortly all
shall see.

Then dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition
blinds,
Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights whose foresight
falshood finds.

42 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

The daughter of debate that discord aye doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule hath taught still
peace to grow.

No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port,
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force, let them
elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll the tops that seek such change, or gape for
such like joy.

2

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER AT
WOODSTOCK

Writ with charcoal on a shutter.

OH, Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.

Thou causedest the guilty to be loosed
 From bands, wherein are innocents inclosed :
 Causing the guiltless to be straight reserved,
 And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
 But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
 So God send to my foes all they have thought.

A.D. MDLV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

3

I GRIEVE, and dare not show my discontent ;
 I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to hate ;
 I do, yet dare not say I ever meant ;
 I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate ;
 I am, and not ; I freeze, and yet am burn'd ;
 Since from myself, my other self I turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
 Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it ;
 Stands and lies by me, doth what I have done ;
 His too familiar care doth make me rue it :
 No means I find to rid him from my breast,
 Till by the end of things it be suppress.

Some gentle passions slide into my mind,
For I am soft, and made of melting snow;
Or be more cruel, Love, and so be kind,
Let me or float, or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content;
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

ELIZA REGINA upon Monsieur's departure.

XVII

KING JAMES THE FIRST

1566-1625

I

A SONNET

ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON PRINCE HENRY

GOD gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on His throne His sceptre do they sway ;
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.
If then ye would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our Heavenly King ;
And from His law make all your laws to spring ;
Since His lieutenant here ye should remain :
Reward the just, be stedfast, true, and plain ;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right ;
Walk always so as ever in His sight
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane.
And so ye shall in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty King Divine.

A SONNET

OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER WHICH HINDERED
THE SPORTS AT NEWMARKET, IN JANUARY 1616

HOW cruelly these captives do conspire !
What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band
Betwixt the canker'd King of Creta land,
That melancholy, old, and angry sire,
And him, who wont to quench debate and ire,
Among the Romans when his ports were clos'd !
But now his double face is still dispos'd,
With Saturn's help to freeze us at the fire.
The earth o'er-covered with a sheet of snow,
Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast ;
The chilling cold lets everything to grow,
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.
Curs'd be that love, and may't continue short,
Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

3

THE DEDICATION OF THE BOOK

LO! here, my son, a mirror vive and fair
Which showeth the shadow of a worthy king;
Lo! here a book a pattern doth you bring,
Which you should press to follow mair and mair.
This trusty friend the truth will never spare,
But give a good advice unto you hear:
How it should be your chief and princely care
To follow virtue, vice to forbear:
And in this book your lesson shall you learn,
For guiding of your people, great and small:
Then, as you ought, give an attentive ear,
And panse how you these precepts practise shall.
Your father bids you study here, and read
How to become a perfect king indeed!

4

THE facound Greek, Demosthenes by name,
His tongue was once into his youth so slow,
As even that art, which flourish made his fame,
He scarce could name it for a time, ye know.

48 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

So of small seeds the Libian cedars grow :
 So of one egg the eagle doth proceed :
 From fountains small great Nilus flood doth flow :
 Even so of rawns do mighty fishes breed.
 Therefore, good reader, when as thou dost read
 These my first fruits, dispute them not at all :
 Who knows but these may able be indeed
 Of finer poems the beginning small.
 Then rather loae my meaning and my pains,
 Than lak my dull ingyne and blunted brains.

5

THE nations banded 'gainst the Lord of might
 Prepar'd a force, and set them to the way :
 Mars dres'd himself in such an awful plight,
 The like whereof was never seen, they say :
 They forward came in monstrous array,
 Both sea and land beset was everywhere :
 Brags threat'ned us a ruinous decay,
 What came of that ? the issue did declare.
 The winds began to toss them here and there,
 The seas began in foaming waves to swell :

The number that escap'd, it fell them fair :
The rest were swallowed up in gulfs of hell :
But how were all these things miraculous done ?
God laugh'd at them out of His heavenly throne.

6

ANE SCHORT POEME ON TYME

AS I was panging in the morning air,
And could not sleep, nor nowise take my rest,
Forth for to walk, the morning was so fair,
Athwart the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The east was clear whereby belyne I guess'd
That firy Titan coming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skies,
Did duly else all them on earth do dwell.
The balmy dew through burning drought he dries,
Which made the soil to savour sweet and smell,
By dew that on the night before down fell,
Which then was soak'd by the Delphiennes heat
Up in the air, it was so light and wet.

50 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

Whose high ascending in his purple sphere
 Provoked all from Morpheus to flee :
 As beasts to feed, and birds to sing with beir,
 Men to their labour, buisy as the bee :
 Yet idle men deuysing did I see.
 How for to dryue the time that did them irk,
 And sundry pastimes which that it grew mirk.

Then wondered I to see them seek a while,
 So willingly the precious time to tyne :
 And how they did themselves so far beguile,
 To fashe of time, which of itself is fyne.
 From time be past, to call it backward syne
 Is but in vain : therefore men should be warr
 To sleuth the time that flees from them so farr.

For what hath man but time into this life,
 Which gives him days his God aright to know :
 Wherefore then should we be at such a strife,
 So speedily ourselves for to withdraw
 Even from the time which is in nowise slow
 To flee from us, suppose we fled it nought ?
 More wise we were, if we the time had sought.

But since that time is such a precious thing,
I would we should bestow it unto that
Which were most pleasant to our heavenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat.
But since that death to all is destinat,
Let us employ that time that God hath sent us,
In doing well, that good men may commend us.
Hæc quoque perficiat, quod perficit omnia, Tempus.

XVIII

PRINCESS ELIZABETH STUART

QUEEN OF BOHEMIA

1596-1662

THIS is joy ! this is true pleasure,
If we best things make our treasure,
And enjoy them at full leisure,
Evermore in richest measure.

God only is excellent !
Let up to Him our love be sent,
Whose desires are set or bent
On aught else shall much repent.

Theirs is a wretched case,
Who themselves so far disgrace,
That they their affections place
Upon things nam'd vile and base.

Earthly things do fade, decay,
Constant to us not one day ;
Suddenly they pass away,
And we cannot make them stay.

All the vast world doth contain,
To content man's heart, are vain,
That still justly will complain,
And unsatisfied remain.

Why should vain joys us transport ?
Early pleasures are but short,
And are mingled in such sort,
Griefs are greater than the sport.

God, most Holy, high, and great !
Our delight doth make complete
When in us He takes His seat,
Only then we are replete.

O ! my soul, of Heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn this basest earth,
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

From below thy mind remove,
And affect the things above ;
Set thy heart, and fix thy love,
Where thou truest joys shalt prove.

54 THE POETS ROYAL OF ENGLAND

To me grace, O Father! send,
On Thee wholly to depend
That all may to Thy glory tend;
So let me live, so let me end.

XIX

KING CHARLES THE FIRST

1600-1649

I

ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE

CLOSE thine eyes and sleep secure,
 Thy soul is safe, thy body sure :
 He that guards thee, He that keeps,
 Never slumbers, never sleeps !
 A quiet Conscience, in a quiet breast,
 Has only peace, has only rest.
 The music and the mirth of kings
 Are out of tune, unless she sings
 Then close thine eyes in peace, and rest secure,
 No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

MAJESTY IN MISERY ; OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE
KING OF KINGS : WRITTEN BY HIS LATE MAJESTY
KING CHARLES THE FIRST, IN HIS DURANCE AT
CARISBROKE CASTLE, 1648

GREAT Monarch of the world, from Whose
pow'r springs

The potency and [only] power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphic line,
To track the treasons of Thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by Thy Divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royalty)
With this dim diadem invested me :

With it, the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe :
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it "The Cause,"
 While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
 Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
 Revenge and robbery are reformation,
 Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
 Attend me (by the Law of God and reason),
 They dare impeach and punish for "high treason."

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
 Pious episcopacy must be put down,
 They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismatics are freed,
 Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed,
 The crown is crucified with the creed.

The Church of England doth all factions foster,
 The pulpit is usurp'd by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter and Independent seed
 Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed
 Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier ;
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forcèd into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance :
Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd :
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem
If I will first fall down and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a "traytor" to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I :
They are allow'd to answer ere they die ;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why.

But, Sacred Saviour, with Thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as Thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed,
As to condemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of His anointed ?

Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet, though we perish, BLESS THE CHURCH AND STATE.

XX

KING CHARLES THE SECOND

1630-1685

I PASS all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love :
I survey every walk now my Philis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But each shade and each conscious bow'r when I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind ;
When I see the print left of her shape on the green,
I imagine the pleasure may yet come agen.
O then 'tis I think no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another man's arms ;
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind thoughts she before said to me.
O then 'tis, O then, that I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art ;
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me.

O then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

XXI

EDWARD HYDE
EARL OF CLARENDON

1608-1674

I

TO HIS FRIEND MR. WILLIAM D'AVENANT

WHY should the fond ambition of a friend,
With such industrious accents strive to lend
A prologue to thy worth? Can aught of mine
Enrich thy volume? Th' hast rear'd thyself a shrine
Will out-live pyramids: marble pillars shall,
Ere thy great muse, receive a funeral.
Thy wit hath purchas'd such a patron's name
To deck thy front, as must derive to fame
These tragic raptures, and indent with eyes
To spend hot tears t' enrich the sacrifice.

ED. HYDE.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE

I CANNOT blame those men that knew thee well,
Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
In tuneful elegies ; there's not language known
Fit for thy mention, but t' was first thy own ;
The epitaphs thou writ'st have so bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
Enough to weep thee ; what henceforth we see
Of art or nature, must result from thee.
There may perchance some busy gathering friend
Steal from thy own works, and that, varied, lend
Which thou bestow'st on others, to thy hearse,
And so thou shalt live still in thine own verse ;
He that shall venture farther, may commit
A pitied error, show his zeal, not wit.
Fate hath done mankind wrong ; Virtue may aim
Reward of conscience, never can, of fame ;
Since her great trumpet's broke, could only give
Faith to the world, command it to believe :
He then must write, that would define thy parts,
Here lies the best divinity—all the arts.

EDW. HYDE.

THE POETS ROYAL OF
SCOTLAND

THE POETS ROYAL OF SCOTLAND

XXII

KING JAMES THE FIRST

1394-1437

I

HEIREFTER FOLLOWIS THE QUAIR MAID BE KING
JAMES OF SCOTLAND THE FIRST CALLIT THE
KINGIS QUAIR AND MAID QUHEN HIS MAJESTIE
WES IN INGLAND

*

*

*

*

IN Vere, that full of vertu is and gude,
Quhen nature first begynneth hir enprise,
That quhilum was be cruell frost and flude
And schouris scharp opprest in many wyse,
And Cynthius [be]gynneth to aryse
Heigh in the est, a morow soft and suete,
Upward his course to drive in Ariete.

68 THE POETS ROYAL OF SCOTLAND

Passit myd-day bot foure greis evin,
 Off lenth and brede his angel wingis bryght
 He spred upon the ground, doun fro the hevin,
 That, for gladnesse and confort of the sight,
 And with the tiklyng of his hete and light,
 The tender flouris opnyt thame and sprad,
 And, in thair nature, thankit him for glad.

Noght fer passit the state of innocence
 Bot nere about the nowmer of yeris thre,
 Were it causit throu hevinly influence
 Off Goddis will, or othir casualtee,
 Can I noght say ; bot oute of my contree,
 By thair avise that had of me the cure,
 Be see to pas, tuke I myn aventure.

Purvait of all that was us necessarye,
 With wynd at will, up airly by the morowe,
 Streight unto schip, no longere wold we tarye ;
 The way we tuke, the tyme I tald to-forowe,
 With mony ' fare wele,' and ' Sanct Johne to borowe '
 Off falowe and frende ; and thus with one assent
 We pullit up saile, and furth our wayis went.

Upon the wawis weltering to and fro,
So infortunate was us that fremyt day,
That maugre, playnly, quhethir we wold or no,
With strong hand, [as] by forse, schortly to say,
Off inmyis takin and led away
We weren all, and broght in thaire contree ;
Fortune it schupe non othir wayis to be.

Quhare as in straye ward and in strong prisoun,
So fer-forth, of my lyf the hevy lyne,
Without confort, in sorowe abandoun,
The second sistere lukit hath to twyne
Nere by the space of yeris twiës nyne ;
Till Jupiter his merci list advert,
And send confort in relesche of my smert.

Quhare as in ward full oft I wold bewaille
My dedely lyf, full of peyne and penance,
Saing ryght thus, quhat have I gilt to faille
My fredome in this warld and my plesance ?
Sen every wight has thereof suffisance
That I behold, and I a creature
Put from all this—hard is myn aventure !

The bird, the beste, the fisch eke in the see,
 They lyve in fredome everich in his kynd ;
 And I a man, and lakkith libertee ;
 Quhat sall I seyne, quhat resoun may I fynd,
 That fortune suld do so ? thus in my mynd
 My folk I wold argewe, bot all for noght ;
 Was none that myght, that on my peynes rought.

Than wold I say, " Gif God me had devisit
 To lyve my lyf in thraldom thus and pyne,
 Quhat was the cause that He more [me] comprisit
 Than othir folk to lyve in suich ruine ?
 I suffer allone amang the figuris nyne,
 Ane wofull wrecche that to no wight may spede,
 And yit of every lyvis help hath nede."

The long[ë] dayes and the nyghtis eke,
 I wold bewaille my fortune in this wise.
 For quhich, agane distresse confort to seke,
 My custum was on mornis for to ryse
 Airly as day ; O happy excercise !
 By the[e] come I to joye out of turment !
 Bot now to purpose of my first entent.

Bewailing in my chamber thus allone,
Dispeired of all joye and remedye,
For-tirit of my thoght and wo-begone,
Un-to the wyndow gan I walk in hye,
To see the warld and folk that went forby :
As for the tyme, though I of mirthis fude
Myght have no more, to luke it did me gude.

Now was there maid fast by the touris wall
A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set
Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small
Railit about ; and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
That lyfe was non, walking there forby,
That myght within scarce ony wight aspye.

So thik the bewis and the leves grene
Beschadit all the aleyes that there were ;
And myddis every herbere myght be sene
The scharp[e] grene suete jenepere
Growing so fair with branchis here and there,
That, as it semyt to a lyf without,
The bewis spred the herbere all about ;

72 THE POETS ROYAL OF SCOTLAND

And on the small[e] grene twistis sat
 The lytill suete nyghtingale, and song
 So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat
 Off luvis use, now soft, now lowd among,
 That all the gardyng and the wallis rong
 Ryght of thaire song, and on the copill next
 Off thaire suete armony ; and lo ! the text :

“Worshippe, ye that loveris bene, this May,
 For of your bliss the kalendis are begonne,
 And sing with us, ‘Away ! Winter, away !
 Cum, Somer, cum ! the suete sesoun and sonne !
 Awake, for shame ! that have your hevynnis wonne ;
 And amorously lift up your hedis all,
 Thank Lufe, that list you to his merci call.’ ”

Quhen thai this song had sung a lytill thrawe,
 Thai stent a quhile, and therewith unaffraid,
 As I beheld and kest myn eyen a-lawe,
 From beugh to beugh they hippit and thai plaid,
 And freschly, in thair birdis kynd, arraid
 Thaire fetheris new, and fret thame in the sonne,
 And thankit Lufe that had thair makis wonne.

This was the plane ditee of thaire note,
And therewithall unto my self I thocht :
' Quhat lyf is this, that makis birdis dote ?
Quhat may this be, how cummyth it of ought ?
Quhat nedith it to be so dere ybought ?
It is nothing, trowe I, bot feynit chere,
And that men list to counterfeten chere.'

*

*

*

*

This truly royal poem concludes :

Vnto [the] impnis of my maisteris dere,
Gowere and *Chaucere*, that on the steppis satt
Of rethorike, quhill thai were lyvand here,
Superlative as poetis laureate,
In moralitee and eloquence ornate,
I recommend my buk in lynis sevin,
And eke thair saulis unto the blisse of hevin.

AMEN !

EXPLICIT, &c. &c.

Quod Jacobus Primus Scotorum Rex Illustrissimus.

GOOD COUNSEL

SEN throw vertew incessis dignitie,
 And vertew is flour and rute of noblesse ay,
 Of ony wit, or quhat estait thou be,
 His steppis follow, and dreid for none effray :
 Eject vice, and follow treuth alway :
 Lufe maist thy God that first thy lufe began,
 And for ilk inche He will the quyte ane span.

Be not our proude in thy prosperite,
 For as it cummis, sa will it pas away ;
 Thy tyme to compt is schort, thou may weill se,
 For of grene gress sone cummis wallowit hay.
 Labour in treuth, quhilk suith is of thy fay ;
 Traist maist in God, for He best gyde the can,
 And for ilk inche He will the quyte ane span.

Sen word is thrall, and thocht is only fre,
 Thou dant thy tounge, that power hes and may,
 Thou steik thy ene fra warldis vanitie :
 Refraine thy lust, and harkin quhat I say :
 Graip or thou slyde, and keip furth the hie way,
 Thow hald the fast upon thy God and man,
 And for ilk inche He will the quyte ane span.

Quod King James the First.

XXIII

MARGARET STUART
QUEEN OF FRANCE

1425-1445

INCIPIT LAMENTATIO DOMINI DALPHINI PRO MORTE
UXORIS SUÆ, DICTÆ MARGARETÆ

THEE, mychti Makar of the major monde,
Quhilk reuly rollis thir hevinly regions round
About this erd, be mocioune circular,
Ger all the cloudis of the hevin habound,
And souk up all thir watteris hal and sounde,
Baith of salt sea, of burne, well and revere,
Syne to descende in trigland teris tere,
To weip with me this wofull waymenting,
This petwys playnt of a princes but peir,
Quhilk dulfull deed has tane till his duelling.

Fill burnis, wellis, reveris, and fountayns,
Baith stankis and louchis and waleis of montayns,
Of clowdis of sorow, of anger, and distres,
And baith my hart, in endless wo that payns,
For derfnes and dispyt of deed nocht fayns.

76 THE POETS ROYAL OF SCOTLAND

Quhilk as was reft sa ryal a riches,
 Wes never yit more gret pete of a princes,
 In quhome regnyt [the] floure of nobilite;
 Helpe to murne, and murne hir mare and les,
 Quhilk for diseis dayly but dreid I dee.

Ger all the ayre that in hycht above is,
 And all the wyndis that under the hevyne amovis,
 Turn all in sobbyng and in sichyng sore,
 Ger all thir foulis that melody contruvis,
 And all thir birdis that syngand heir for luevis,
 Turne all thair joy to soro and in soore,
 And help to murn this dul my lady foore,
 And wary weird, quhilk banyst as of France
 The mirrour of vertu and waldis glore,
 Quhilk deed has reft but reuth or repentance.

God of nature, quhilk all this eird honouris
 With fruyt and fulye, with herbe, fluriss and flouris,
 Fair flurisand and freshe in thair verdoure,
 Of quhilk the fleuvir to the hevyne retournis,
 And al the frechuess of thir faire figouris,
 Yeildis thaim and wourchip to thair Creatoure,

Defaid thaire freshnes for thi gret valoure,
And turn in blakyng all thaire lustines,
Heil never this erde more with plesand coloure,
Quhill we have murnyt the dull of our mastres.

Turne all in blak that aire was fresche of hew,
And in murnynge all myrth, musik and glew ;
Owre fyle the sone with myst and with merkes,
Ger every wy that are of luffe wess trew
Haf mynd of my regret and on me rew,
And stanche in erde all solace and blythnes ;
Turne all at is blythe in breith and villnes,
And in murning all myrth and melody ;
Quhill we have murnyt the dule of our mastres
Lat nature thole no kynge leife heire gladly.

XXIV

KING JAMES THE FIFTH

1512-1542

THE GABERLUNYIE MAN

THE pauky aulde carle came ovir the lee,
 Wi' mony good-e'ens and days to mee,
 Saying, "Good-wife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor man?"
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My dochter's shoulders he gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O wow!" quo he, "were I as free,
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blyth and merry wad I bee,
 And I wad nevir think lang."
 He grew canty, and she grew fain,
 But little did her auld ninny ken,
 What thir slee twa togither were sayn,
 When wooing they were so thrang.

“And O!” quo he, “ann ye were as black
As evir the crown o’ your dadye’s hat,
’Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa wi’ me thou sould gang!”

“And O!” quoth she, “ann I were as whyte
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
Ild clead me braw and lady-like,

And awa wi’ thee Ild gang!”

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wyliely they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.

Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claiths;
Synne to the servant’s bed she gaes,

To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed whair the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away;
She clapt her hands, cryd, “Dulefu’ day!

For some of our geir will be gane.”

Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist.
She dancid her lane, cryd, “Praise be blest,
I have lodg’d a leal poor man.”

“Since naithing’s awa, as we can learn,
 The kirn’s to kirn, and milk to earn ;
 Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn
 And bid her come quickly ben.”

The servant gaed where the dochter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away ;
 And fast to her good wife can say,
 “She’s aff with the gaberlunyie man.”

“O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye, find these traitors agen ;
 For shee’s be burnt, and hee’s be slein,
 The wearyfou gaberlunyie man.”
 Some rade upo’ horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o’ her wit ;
 She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
 But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean-time far hind, out owre the lee,
 Fu’ snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
 The priving was gude, it pleas’d them baith,
 To lo’e her for ay he gae her his aith ;
 Quo she, “To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunyie man.”

“O kend my ninny I were wi you,
Illfardly wad she crook her mou’;
Sic a poor man she’ld nevir trow,
 Aftir the gaberlunyie man.”

“My dear,” quo he, “yeer’e yet owre yonge,
And hae na learnt the beggar’s tonge,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
 And carrie the gaberlunyie on.”

“Wi’ kauk and keel, I’ll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed
 The gaberlunyie to carrie O!
I’ll bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout owre my e’e;
A cripple or blind they will cau me,
 While we sall sing and be merry O!”

XXV

QUEEN MARY

(‘ MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS ’)

1542-1587

I

O DOMINE Deus ! speravi in te :
 O care mi Jesu ! nunc libera me.
 In durà catenà, in miserà pænà, desidero te ;
 Languendo, gemendo, et genu flectendo,
 Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me.

TRANSLATION

My Lord and my God, I have trusted in Thee,
 O dearest Lord Jesus, now liberate me !
 Oppressed by this chain,
 And wretched with pain,
 Still languishing, groaning and bending the knee,
 I adore Thee, implore Thee, now liberate me.

W. W. SKEAT.

TRANSLATION

2

WHILE, in a tone of deepest woe,
My sweetly mournful warblings flow,
I wildly cast my eyes around,
Feel my dread loss, my bosom wound,
And see, in sigh succeeding sigh,
The finest moments of my life to fly.

Did destiny's hard hand before,
Of miseries such a store,
Of such a train of sorrows shed
Upon a happy woman's head?
Who sees her very heart and eye
Or in the bier, or in the coffin lie.

Who, in the morning of my day,
And midst my flowers of youth most gay,
Feel all the wretchedness at heart,
That heaviest sorrows can impart;
And can in nothing find relief
But in the fond indulgence of my grief.

What once of joy could lend a strain,
Is now converted into pain ;
The day that shines with fullest light
Is now to me a darksome night ;
Nor is there aught of highest joys,
That now my soul will condescend to prize.

Full at my heart and in my eye
A portrait and an image lie,
That figure out my dress of woe,
And my pale face reflected show,
The semblance of the violets blue,
Unhappy love's own genuine hue.

To ease my sorely troubled mind,
I keep to no one spot confined,
But think it good to shift my place,
In hopes my sadness to efface ;
For now is worse, now best again,
The most sequestrate solitary scene.

Whether I shelter in the grove,
Or in the open meadow rove ;

Whether the morn is dawning day,
Or evening shoots its level ray ;
My heart's incessant feelings prove
My heavy mourning for my absent love.

If at a time towards the skies,
I cast my sorrow-dripping eyes,
I see his eyes sweet-glancing play
Amongst the clouds in every ray,
Then in the clouds dark water view,
His hearse display'd in sorrow's sable hue.

If to repose my limbs apply,
And slumbering on my couch I lie ;
I hear his voice to me rejoin,
I feel his body touching mine ;
Engaged at work, to rest applied,
I have him still for ever at my side.

No other object meets my sight
However fair it seems or bright,
To which my heart will e'er consent
To yield itself in fond content,
And robb'd of the perfection be
Of this impassion'd mournful sympathy

86 THE POETS ROYAL OF SCOTLAND

But here, my song, do thou refrain
From my most melancholy strain,
Of which shall this the burden prove ;
' My honest heart-full lively love,
Howe'er I am, by death disjoin'd,
Shall never, never diminution find.'

XXVI

HENRY STEWART, LORD DARNLEY

1546-1567

DARNLEY'S BALLAD

GIFE langour makis men licht,
Or dolour thame decoir,
In erth thair is no wicht
May me compair in gloir.
Gif cairful thoftis restoir
My havy hairt frome sorrow,
I am, for evir moir,
In joy, both evin and morrow.

Gif pleser be to pance,
I playnt me nocht opprest,
Or absence nicht avance,
My hairt is haill possest :
Gif want of quiet rest
From cairis nicht me convoy,
My mynd is nocht mollest,
Bot evir moir in joy.

Thocht that I pance in paine
 In passing to and fro,
 I labour all in vane,
 For so hes mony mo
 That hes nocht servit so,
 In suting of thair sweet ;
 The nare the fyre I go,
 The grittar is my heit.

The turtour for hir maik
 Mair dule may nocht indure
 Nor I do for hir saik,
 Evin hir quha hes in cure
 My hairt, quilk sal be sure
 And servis to the deid,
 Unto that lady pure,
 The well of womanheid.

Schaw, schedull, to that sueit,
 My pairt so permanent,
 That no mirth, quhill we meit,
 Sall cause me be content :
 But still, my hairt, lament,

In sorrowfull eiching soir,
Till tyme scho be present ;
Fairweill ! I say no moir.

Quoth KING HENRY STEWART.

NOTES

I

THIS passage, translated from the Old English by Professor Gollancz, is a famous and noteworthy interpolation by King Alfred in his Old English Version of Boethius. The extant works of King Alfred testify to his enthusiasm for Literature, and to his efforts to provide his people with the chief literature regarded as classic in his day. We know, too, that he was a lover of poetry and a poet himself. He is seen, perhaps, in his best in his prose. The Old English poetical version of the metres of Boethius may be by him, but opinion is divided on the subject.

II

A song in the Provençal tongue. Printed: *La Tour Tenebreuse, et les Jours Lumineux, Contes Angloises, accompagnez d'Historiettes, et tirez d'une ancienne Chronique composee par Richard, surnomme Cœur de Lion, Roy d'Angleterre*; 1705. Also, *Catalogus Codicum MSS. Bibliothecæ Bernensis*. Also, *Histoire Litteraire des Troubadours*; 1774. Translations: *A General History of Music*, C. Burney, Mus. Doc., 1789. Also, G. Ellis in

Walpole's Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, Scotland and Ireland, ed. T. Park; 1806. "These lines" [*i.e.* the last stanza] "are absolutely unintelligible, and probably from some error of the copyist." *Ellis*.

III

Manuscript copy formerly at the College of Heralds, not now available. Printed: Translation: History of Edward III, Joshua Barnes, 1688. (Fabyan's Chronicle gives an extremely loose, vague rendering.) "The very Verses I have hitherto annexed, faithfully translated from his own, which are in Latin, and in rhyme, after the manner of that age." *Barnes*.

IV

A selection, the entire poem extending to thirty-four stanzas. Printed: Horda Angel-cynnan, or Manners and Customs of the English, etc. J. Strutt; 1775-76. Also, Park's Walpole's Catalogue. "Excellent Sovereign," l. 1.; presumed to be Joanna, widow of Henry IV.

V

Printed: Nugæ Antiquæ, Sir John Harington, ed. T. Park; 1804. "The verse I did mean to presente your highnesse with, is as now doth followe, and well suteth the temper and condition of him who made it." From a letter by Sir John's grandfather to Prince Henry, in Harington MS., 1565, printed as above

VI

Interleaf, British Museum Copy, of Park's Walpole's Catalogue, 10804. e.

VII

Sloan MSS. 5465. Printed: Ancient Songs and Ballads, ed. J. Ritson; 1802. Also, Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Bishop Percy, ed. E. Rhys; 1906. For Professor Skeat's note on the commonly supposed Chaucerian source of this poem, see text. Also that writer's work, The Chaucer Canon, p. 122.

VIII

Rawlins MSS., Oxford, 86: Beginning of the XVth century. Printed: Neuenglisches Lesebuch, ed. E. Flügel; 1895.

IX

1 to 7. Add. MSS. 31922, Brit. Musm. Printed: Nugæ Antiquæ. Also, Flügel. Also, Early English Lyrics, ed. Chambers and Sidgwick; 1907.

"I entertain no doubt of the author; for if I had no better reason than the rhyme, it were sufficient to think that no other than suche a king could write suche a sonnet: but of this my father oft gave me good assurance, who was in his household. This sonnet was sunge to the lady at his commandment, and here followeth." (The eagles force, etc.) *Harington MS.*

X

Printed : A General History of Music, Sir John Hawkins ; 1776. Also, Park's Walpole.

XI

Printed. Nugæ Antiquæ. Also, Hawkins. Also, Chambers and Sidgwick, whose text is, by permission, here reproduced, from Early English Lyrics, in which it is printed for the first time.

XII

Printed : Nugæ Antiquæ, ed. 1804. Also Park's Walpole. L. 11, Noye = Noah.

XIII

A selection, the whole extending to more than a hundred stanzas, a large number of which are mere repetitions. Printed : Le Tombeau de Margurite de Valois, Royne de Navarre ; 1551. Translation : Miss G. White (for this anthology).

XIV

Printed : Acts and Monuments (Book of Martyrs), John Foxe ; 1563. " Given to Sir Anthony Seynt Leger, knight of his privy chamber, being of a corrupt judgment." Foxe.

XV

Printed: Monument of Matrons; 1582. Translations: Memoirs of Ladies of Gt. Britain, G. Ballard; 1752. Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons, Wm. Seward; 1795. Ballard's last line reads, "I hope for light after darkness."

XVI

1. Printed: The Arte of English Poesie, G. Puttenham; 1589. Also, Percy's Reliques, ed. E. Rhys. Stanza 6. "The Daughter of Debate," *i. e.* Mary of Scotland.

2. Printed: Travels in England; Fugitive Pieces, etc., P. Hentzner, trans. R. Bentley, ed. Walpole; 1761. Also, Percy's Reliques.

3. Printed: The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, J. Nichols; 1788. Also, Park's Walpole.

XVII

1. to 6. Printed: The Essays of a Prentise in the divine art of Poesie; 1584. His Majesty's poetical exercises at vacant hours, 1591. Basilicon Doron; 1599. The Works of the most high and mighty Prince James, King of Gt. Britain, etc., ed. James, Bishop of Winton; 1616. Also, A Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, ed. J. Sibbald; 1812. Scottish Poetry, ed. G. Eyre-Todd; 1895. Walpole, Percy, etc.

XVIII

A selection, the whole extending to thirty-three stanzas. Printed: *Nugæ Antiquæ*. "Verses by the Princess Elizabeth given to Lord Harington, of Exton, her preceptor." *Harington MS*.

XIX

1. Printed: *Miscellanea Sacra*, ed. Nahum Tate; 1698. Also, *The Poetical Calendar*, ed. F. Fawkes and W. Wotz; 1763.

2. Printed: *A General History of Music*, C. Burney, Mus. D.; 1776. Also, *Percy's Reliques*.

XX

Printed: *History of Music*, Hawkins. Appendix. Also, *Park's Catalogue*.

XXI

1. Printed: *The Tragedy of Albovine*, Wm. D'Avenant; 1629. Also, *The Works of the English Poets*, ed. A. Chalmers; 1810.

2. Printed: *Poems*, J. Donne, D.D.; 1633. Also, *Park*.

XXII

1. Manuscript, at Bodleian, Oxford. About seventeen versions already exist, each professing to give the original

text, and each, in turn, failing^{so} to do. Professor Skeat's is the only edition which gives the MS. as it really is. Printed: *The Kingis Quair, together with A Ballad of Good Counsel, by King James I, of Scotland, ed. by The Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A.; 1884.* Professor Skeat has revised the stanzas selected for this anthology, and made the following remarks and variants on the printed text.

- Stanza 1. line 5. Cynthius: C. not S. is meant.
- l. 6. thair: the final e in MS. is only a flourish.
- S. 4. l. 1. us necessarye: *i. e.* necessary for us.
- S. 5. l. 2. us: *i. e.* to us.
- S. 7. l. 5. "Since every wight that I behold," etc.
- S. 8. l. 7. was non: *i. e.* there was no one who could, who pitied my sorrows.
- S. 9. l. 2. thrawldom: final e in MS. unnecessary.
- S. 10. l. 6. the[e]: the in MS.
- S. 17. ll. 6. 7. chere: a Chaucerian ending.
- S. 18. l. 9. zic. zic: a misreading of etc. etc.

The z throughout has been rendered y: the former, though almost always adopted, is quite incorrect. Punctuation revised.

2. Four versions. See Professor Skeat's *Kingis Quair and Ballad of Good Counsel*. The third version employed here. Printed: *The Good and Godlie Ballates; 1578.* Also, as above, with a restored version by the editor. Professor Skeat makes also the following remarks.

S. 1. l. 4. effray, correct ending: efray, being printer's error.

l. 5. Exile all vice: Eject all vice, being an error.

"Except for these two blunders the text is fairly good."

Skeat.

XXIII

A selection, the whole extending to some twenty-five stanzas. Printed: *The Life and Death of James I, of Scotland*, J. Stevenson; 1837. The common error of z for y has been rectified, along with other mistakes.

"Very little of the verse of Margaret of Scotland seems to have been preserved, but . . . you will find a Lament printed in Stevenson's *Life and Death of James I.*" *Dr. Edmund Gosse.*

XXIV

Printed: *Miscellany*, Allan Ramsay, 1729. Also, *Ancient Scottish Poems*, ed. J. Callendar; 1782. Also, G. Eyre-Todd's anthology. The symbol z has again been rendered as y.

XXV

1. Printed: Seward. Also, Walpole. Translation: Rev. Professor Skeat.

2. Printed: *The Love Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots*, ed. H. Campbell, LL.D; 1825. Translation: Whitaker. *Mary, Queen of Scots*, J. Whitaker, B.D; 1789.

XXVI

Printed: *Ancient Scottish Poems*, ed. G. Bannantyne; 1770. Also, *A Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, ed. J. Sibbald;

1802. "It may be added that by far the greater part, if not the whole, of the Bannantyne MSS. having been compiled within less than three years after the death of Darnley, there seems to be no room for entertaining any doubt with respect to the author." *Sibbald.*



GLOSSARY

ABANDOUN, left alone, 69
 Agane, against, 70
 Aire, formerly, 77
 Airly, early, 68
 Aith, oath, 80
 Among, at times, 72
 Amovis, move, 76
 Ann, if, 79
 Ariete, the Ram, 67
 Armony, harmony, 72
 At, that, 77
 Aventure, chance, fortune,
 68
 Avance, advance, 87
 Advise, advice, 68

Ban, curse, swear, 80
 Be, by, 67 (title)
 Ben, indoors, 80
 Bent, field, 79
 Beschadit, shaded, 71
 Blakyng, paleness, 77
 Borowe, to borrow, as a
 pledge, 68
 Braw, bravely, 79
 Breith, wrath, 77
 But, without, 75
 But dreid, doubtless, 76
 Butt, outside, 80

Cadgily, merrily, 78
 Canty, cheerful, 78
 Carle, man, 78
 Cau, call, 81
 Claiths, clothes, 79
 Chere, merriment, 73
 Clead me, clothe myself, 79
 Clowdis, clouds, 75
 Comprisit, included, 70
 Compt, count, 74
 Contruvis, invent, 76
 Copill, complete, 72
 Cure, care, 68
 Cynthius, the Sun, 67

Dant, tame, 74
 Decoir, adorn, 87
 Dee, die, 76
 Deed, death, 75
 Defaid, make to fade, 77
 Deid, death, 88
 Devisit, intended, 70
 Dike, embankment, 79
 Dreid, *see* But dreid.
 Dul, grief, 76
 Dule, grief, 88
 Dulfull, doleful, 75

E'e, eye, 81

Effray, terror, 74
 Eird, earth, 76
 Enprise, undertaking, 67
 Ene, eyes, 74
 Erd, earth, 75

Fain, fond, 78
 Falowe, fellow, 68
 Fer, far, 68
 Feynit, feigned, 73
 Fit, spell, course, 80
 Fleuvir, fragrance, 76
 Flurisand, flourishing, 76
 Forby, near, 71
 Fortirit, very tired, 71
 Fremyt, strange, 69
 Fret, adorned, 72
 Fude, food, 71
 Fulye, foliage, 76

Gaberlunyie, beggar, 80
 Gaed, went, 79
 Gar ride, bid ride, 80
 Gar rin, bid run, 80
 Geir, gear, 79
 Ger, make, 75
 Gilt, offended, 69
 Glad, gladness, 68
 Glew, glee, 77
 Gloir, glory, 87
 Glore, glory, 76
 Good-teens, good evenings, 78
 Graip, feel your way, 74
 Greis, degrees, 68
 Grittar, greater, 88

Habound, abound, 75

Haill, wholly, 87
 Hal, whole, 75
 Hedis, heads, 72
 Hee's, he shall, 80
 Heil, cover, clothe, 77
 Her lane, alone by herself, 79
 Herbere, garden, 71
 Hes, have, 88
 Hind, away, 80
 Hippit, hopped, 72
 Hycht, height, 76

Illfardly, uglily, 81
 Ingle, fire, 78

Jenepere, juniper, 71

Kalendis, beginnings, 72
 Kauk, chalk (used in telling fortunes), 81
 Keel, ruddle (used in telling fortunes), 81
 Ken, know, 78
 Kend, knew, 81
 Kirn, churn, 80
 Kist, chest, 79
 Knet, knit, 71

Laith, loath, 80
 Lane: *see* Her lane
 Leal, honest, 79
 Lee, field, 80
 Licht, cheery, 87
 Lonchis, lakes, 75
 Lyf, living person, 69
 Lyvand, living, 73

Maik, mate, 88

Makis, mates, 72
 Maugre, in spite of, 69
 Mo, more, 88
 Mollest, grieved, 87
 Monde, world, 75
 Morowe, morning, 68
 Mou, mouth, 81

Nare, nigher, 88
 Ninny, granny, 76
 Noblesse, nobleness, 74
 Nowmer, number, 68

Or, before, 74
 Owre, over, 80

Pance, think, thought, 87,
 88
 Pauky, cunning, sly, 78
 Peir, pier, 75
 Petwys, piteous, 75
 Pleser, pleasure, 87
 Priving, taste, 80

Quha, who, 88
 Quhilk, whom, who, 75
 Quhilk as, which that, 76
 Quhill, till, 88
 Quyte, requite, 74

Reft, bereft of, 76
 Relesche, release, 69
 Reuly, in due order, 75
 Revere, river, 75
 Rew, rue, 77
 Rought, reeked, 70
 Rute, root, 74

Sa, so, 74
 Sal, shall, 88
 Schaw, show, 88
 Schedull, petition, 88
 Schupe, ordained, 69
 Servis, serveth, 88
 Seyne, say, 70
 Shee's, she shall, 80
 She'd, she would, 81
 Slee, sly, 78
 Snaw, snow, 79
 Souk, suck, 75
 Spede, help, 70
 Speir, enquire, 79
 Sprad, spread, 68
 Stankis, ponds, 75
 Steik, close, 74
 Stown, stolen, 79
 Sueit, sweet, 88
 Suting, sweating, 88
 Sweit, sweat, 88
 Syne, afterwards, 75

Tane, taken, 75
 Thir, those, 75
 Thoftes, thoughts, 87
 Thole, suffer, 77
 Thrang, busy, 78
 Till, to, 75
 To-forowe, before, 68
 Trigland, trickling, 75
 Trow, trust, 81
 Turtour, turtle, 88
 Twa, two, 78

Up, on, 79

Ver, spring, 67

Waldis, worlds, 76

Waleis, valleys, 75

Wallowit, withered, 74

Wat, wet, 78

Wawis, waves, 69

Waymenting, lamenting, 75

Wee, short time, 79

Weird, fate, 76

Whang, piece, 80

Whorle, weight at end of
thread, 81

Wicht, wight, 87

Womanheid, womanhood, 88

Wood, mad, 80

Wy, man, 77

Ybought, bought, 73

Yeiris, years, 68

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A coward's still unsafe ; but courage knows	xiv
A queen, without peer	32
Alone walking	16
As I was panning in the morning air	49
As the holly groweth green	22
Christ was the Word they spake it	38
Close thine eyes and sleep secure	55
Defiled is my name full sore	27
Deo juvante, nil nocet livor malus	39
Excellent Sovereign ! seemly to see	9
Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall	xiv
Forgetting God to love a king	31
From the top of all my trust	xiv
Gife langour makis men licht	87
Go litill tretise, nakit of eloquence	xvi
God gives not kings the style of gods in vain	45
Great Monarch of the world, from Whose pow'r springs	56
Here lies the mutton-eating king	xv
How cruelly these captives do conspire	46
I cannot blame those men that knew thee well	63
I grieve, and dare not show my discontent	43
I pass all my hours in a shady old grove	60

	PAGE
If captive wight attempt the tuneful strain. . . .	5
If death could speak, the king would say	xv
If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all. . . .	xiv
In Eucharist then there is bread. . . .	35
In Vere, that full of vertu is and gude (from <i>The Kingis</i> <i>Quair</i>)	67
Kingdoms are but cares	12
Kings with the Muses ease their wearied minds. . .	viii
Lo! here, my son, a mirror vive and fair	47
My heart is set upon a lusty pin	17
My Lord and my God, I have trusted in Thee . . .	82
Non aliena putes homini quæ obtingere possunt. .	39
O Death! rock me asleep	28
O Domine Deus! speravi in te	82
O Reason	3
Oh, Fortune! how thy restless wavering state . .	42
Pastime with good company	20
Profane no Divine Ordinances	xiv
Roger L'Estrange	xv
Sen throw vertew inaccessis dignitie	74
Should this fair rose offend thy sight	13
Somewhat musing	14
The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy .	41
The eagle's force subdues each bird that flies . .	20
The facound Greek, Demosthenes by name. . . .	47
The nations banded 'gainst the Lord of might . .	48
The pauky aulde carle came ovir the lee (<i>The Gaber-</i> <i>lunzie Man</i>). . . .	78

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

107

	PAGE
The word of <i>denial</i> , the letter of <i>fifty</i>	xiii
Thee, mychti Makar of the major monde	75
This is joy! this is true pleasure	52
Though some say that youth ruleth me	24
To mortal's common fate thy mind resign	40
Whate'er to man, as mortal, is assign'd	39
What time rough winter's blasts the earth did tame	7
Whereto should I express	25
While God assists us, envy bites in vain	40
While, in a tone of deepest woe	83
Whoso that will for grace sue	25
Why should the fond ambition of a friend	62
Without dischord	23

FINIS

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C., AND
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

Boards or Cloth

1/6

net



Quarter Vellum

2/6 net

Three-quarter Vellum

5/- net

CHATTO AND WINDUS

111 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

January 1908.

A CONCISE LIST OF
THE KING'S CLASSICS

GENERAL EDITOR: PROFESSOR I. GOLLANCZ, Litt.D.

ALTHOUGH The King's Classics are to be purchased for 1/6 net per volume, the series is unique in that

(1) the letterpress, paper, and binding are unapproached by any similar series.

(2) "Competent scholars in every case have supervised this series, which can therefore be received with confidence."—*Athenæum*.

(3) With few exceptions, the volumes in this series are included in no similar series, while several are copyright.



THE KING'S CLASSICS

UNDER THE GENERAL EDITORSHIP OF PROFESSOR I. GOLLANCZ,
LITT.D.

"Right Royal Series."—*Literary World*.

"We note with pleasure that competent scholars in every case have supervised this series, which can therefore be received with confidence."—*Athenæum*.

The Series of "King's Classics," issued under the General Editorship of Professor I. GOLLANCZ, aims at introducing to the larger reading public many noteworthy works of literature not readily accessible in cheap form, or not hitherto rendered into English. Each volume is edited by some expert scholar, and has a summary introduction dealing with the main and essential facts of the literary history of the book; at the end there are the necessary notes for a right understanding of references and textual difficulties; where necessary, there is also a carefully-compiled index. As will be at once seen from the accompanying list, much original and new work has been secured for the Series, and it will be recognised that the "King's Classics" differentiate themselves in a very marked way from the many reprints of popular books.

It should be noted, however, that while primarily rare masterpieces are included in the "King's Classics," modern popular classics, more especially such as have not yet been adequately or at all annotated, are not excluded from the Series.

NOTE.—At the date of this list, January 1908, Nos. 1-39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 48 and 49 were published. Other numbers subsequent to 39 were at press or about to go to press.

The "King's Classics" are printed on antique laid paper, 16mo. ($6 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches), gilt tops, and are issued in the following styles and prices. Each volume has a frontispiece, usually in photogravure.

Quarter bound, antique grey boards, 1/6 net.

Red Cloth, 1/6 net.

Quarter Vellum, grey cloth sides, 2/6 net.

Special three-quarter Vellum, Oxford side-papers, gilt tops, silk marker, 5/- net.

* * Nos. 2, 20 and 24 are double volumes. Price, Boards or Cloth, 3/- net; Quarter Vellum, 5/- net; special three-quarter Vellum, 7/6 net.

NOTE.—*In response to many applications, school-masters requiring volumes in this series for class use may obtain not less than 25 copies of any one title, in stout paper covers, price 1/- net. Double volumes 2/- net.*

SUMMARY LIST

(For detailed list see below)

1. THE LOVE OF BOOKS (The Philobiblon).
2. SIX DRAMAS OF CALDERON. Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. (See No. 16.) [Double volume.]
3. THE CHRONICLE OF JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND. (See No. 20.)
4. THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE. (See Nos. 33, 40, 44.)
5. EIKON BASILIKE.
- 6, 7. KINGS' LETTERS.
 - I. Alfred to the Coming of the Tudors. II. From the Early Tudors to the Love-letters of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Two further volumes are in preparation. (See Nos. 51, 52.)
8. CHAUCER'S KNIGHT'S TALE.
9. CHAUCER'S MAN OF LAW'S TALE, etc.
10. CHAUCER'S PRIORRESS'S TALE, etc.
 - 8-10 *In modern English* by Prof. SKEAT. (See Nos. 18, 41, 47, 48.)

11. THE ROMANCE OF FULK FITZ-WARINE.
12. THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.
13. EVELYN'S LIFE OF MARGARET GODOLPHIN.
14. EARLY LIVES OF DANTE. (See No. 46.)
15. THE FALSTAFF LETTERS.
16. POLONIUS. By EDWARD FITZGERALD. (See No. 2.)
17. MEDIÆVAL LORE.
18. THE VISION OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN.
In modern English by Prof. SKEAT. (See Nos. 8-10, 41, 47, 48, 51.)
19. THE GULL'S HORNBOOK.
20. THE NUN'S RULE, or Ancien Riwe.
In modern English. (See No. 3.) [Double volume.]
21. THE MEMOIRS OF ROBERT CARY, EARL OF MONMOUTH.
22. EARLY LIVES OF CHARLEMAGNE. (See No. 45.)
23. CICERO'S "FRIENDSHIP," "OLD AGE," AND "SCIPIO'S DREAM."
24. WORDSWORTH'S PRELUDE. [Double volume.]
25. THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE, etc.
- 26, 27. BROWNING'S "MEN AND WOMEN."
28. POE'S POEMS.
29. SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.
30. GEORGE ELIOT'S SILAS MARNER.
31. GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.
32. CHARLES READE'S PEG WOFFINGTON.
33. THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE. (See Nos. 4, 40, 44.)
34. SAPPHO : One Hundred Lyrics. By BLISS CARMAN.
35. WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG.
- 36, 37. GEORGE PETTIE'S "PETITE PALLACE OF PETTIE HIS PLEASURE."
38. WALPOLE'S CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

39. THE ROYAL POETS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND. (See Nos. 6, 7, 51, 52, 57.)
40. SIR THOMAS MORE'S UTOPIA. (See Nos. 4, 33, 44.)
41. CHAUCER'S LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.
Modern English by Prof. SKEAT. (See Nos. 8-10, 18, 47, 48.)
42. SWIFT'S BATTLE OF THE BOOKS, etc.
43. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE UPON THE GARDENS OF EPICURUS, etc.
44. SIR THOMAS MORE'S FOUR LAST THINGS, etc. (See Nos. 4, 33, 40.)
45. THE SONG OF ROLAND. (See No. 22.)
46. DANTE'S VITA NUOVA. Italian text with D. G. ROSSETTI'S translation on the opposite page. (See No. 14.)
47. CHAUCER'S PROLOGUE AND MINOR POEMS.
48. CHAUCER'S PARLIAMENT OF BIRDS AND HOUSE OF FAME.
47, 48 *In modern English* by Prof. SKEAT. (See Nos. 8-10, 18, 41.)
49. CRANFORD.
50. PEARL. Edited by Prof. I. GOLLANCZ.
- 51, 52. KINGS' LETTERS. III. and IV. (See Nos. 6, 7.)
53. THE ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE OF S. BONIFACE.
- 54, 55. ESSAYS OF ELIA. I. and II. Edited by THOMAS SECCOMBE.
56. THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY.
57. ASHER'S LIFE OF KING ALFRED. (See Nos. 6, 39.)
58. TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ICELANDIC.
59. THE RULE OF ST. BENET. Edited by Abbot GASQUET.
(See Nos. 3, 20.)
60. DANIEL'S "DELLIA" and DRAYTON'S "IDEA."

DETAILED LIST GROUPED ACCORD- ING TO PERIOD AND SUBJECT

1. THE LOVE OF BOOKS : being the Philo- biblon of RICHARD DE BURY.

Translated by E. C. THOMAS. Frontispiece, Seal of Richard de Bury (as Bishop of Durham).

57. ASSER'S LIFE OF KING ALFRED.

Newly translated and edited by L. C. JANE, M.A. Frontispiece.

3. THE CHRONICLE OF JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND, MONK OF ST. EDMUNDS BURY : a Picture of Monastic and Social Life in the XIIth Century.

Newly translated, from the original Latin, with notes, table of dates relating to the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury, and index, by L. C. JANE, M.A. Introduction by the Right Rev. Abbot GASQUET. Frontispiece, Seal of Abbot Samson (A.D. 1200). (See No. 20.)

50. PEARL.

An English Poem of the Fourteenth Century. Edited with a modern rendering and Introduction by PROFESSOR I. GOLLANCZ, Litt.D. With a Frontispiece after W. HOLMAN HUNT, and Prefatory lines by the late Lord TENNYSON. A revision of the edition of 1891. (See No. 18.)

* * 20. THE NUN'S RULE, or Ancren Riwle, in Modern English. [Double volume.]

Being the injunctions of Bishop Poore intended for the guidance of nuns or anchoresses, as set forth in this famous thirteenth-century MS.

Editor, the Right Rev. Abbot GASQUET. Frontispiece, Seal of Bishop Poore. (See Nos. 3, 59.)

59. THE RULE OF ST. BENET.

Translated and edited by the Right Rev. Abbot GASQUET.
Frontispiece.

53. THE ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE OF
SAINT BONIFACE.

Being the letters exchanged between "The Apostle of the Germans," while engaged in his missionary labours on the Continent, and his English friends. Translated and edited, and with a brief Introductory sketch of the Life of Saint Boniface, by E. J. KYLIE, M.A.

17. MEDIÆVAL LORE.

From Bartholomæus Anglicus. Edited with notes, index and glossary by ROBERT STEELE. Preface by the late WILLIAM MORRIS. Frontispiece, an old illumination, representing Astrologers using Astrolabes.

The book is drawn from one of the most widely-read works of mediæval times. Its popularity is explained by its scope, which comprises explanations of allusions to natural objects met with in Scripture and elsewhere. It was, in fact, an account of the properties of things in general.

11. THE ROMANCE OF FULK FITZ-
WARINE.

Newly translated from the Anglo-French by ALICE KEMP-WELCH, with an introduction by Professor BRANDIN. Frontispiece, Whittington Castle in Shropshire, the seat of the Fitzwarines.

45. THE SONG OF ROLAND.

Newly translated from the old French by Mrs. CROSLAND. Introduction by Professor BRANDIN, University of London. Frontispiece after a page of the Oxford MS.

22. EARLY LIVES OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Translated and edited by A. J. GRANT. With frontispiece representing an early bronze figure of Charlemagne from the Musée Carnavalet, Paris.

We have here given us two "Lives" of Charlemagne by contemporary authorities—one by Eginhard and the other by the Monk of St. Gall. Very different in style, when brought together in one volume each supplies the deficiencies of the other.

58. TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ICELANDIC : select passages from Icelandic Literature.

Translated and edited by the Rev. W. C. GREEN, M.A.

35. WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG.

Mediaeval students' songs, translated from the Latin, with an essay, by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Frontispiece after a fifteenth-century woodcut.

18. THE VISION OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN.

By WILLIAM LANGLAND ; *in modern English* by Professor SKEAT, Litt.D. Frontispiece, "God Speed the Plough," from an old MS.

8. CHAUCER'S KNIGHT'S TALE, or Palamon and Arcite.

In modern English by Professor SKEAT, Litt.D. Frontispiece, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," from an illuminated MS.

9. CHAUCER'S MAN OF LAW'S TALE, Squire's Tale, and Nun's Priest's Tale.

In modern English by Professor SKEAT, Litt.D. Frontispiece from an illuminated MS.

10. CHAUCER'S PRIORESS'S TALE, Pardoner's Tale, Clerk's Tale, and Canon's Yeoman's Tale.

In modern English by Professor SKAT, Litt.D. Frontispiece, "The Patient Griselda," from the well-known fifteenth-century picture of the Umbrian School in the National Gallery.

41. CHAUCER'S LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

In modern English, with notes and introduction, by Professor W. W. SKAT, Litt.D. Frontispiece, "Ariadne Deserted," after the painting by ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

47. CHAUCER'S PROLOGUE AND MINOR POEMS.

In modern English by Professor SKAT, Litt.D. Frontispiece, Portrait of Chaucer after the Ellesmere MS.

48. CHAUCER'S PARLIAMENT OF BIRDS AND HOUSE OF FAME.

In modern English by Professor SKAT, Litt.D. Frontispiece, after Sir E. BURNE JONES, from the Kelmscott Chaucer.

- 36, 37. GEORGE PETTIE'S "PETITE PALACE OF PETTIE HIS PLEASURE."

The popular Elizabethan book containing twelve classical love-stories—"Sinorix and Camma," "Tereus and Progne," etc.—in style the precursor of Euphues, now first reprinted under the editorship of Professor I. GOLLANCZ. Frontispiece, a reproduction of the original title, and of an original page.

[*In two volumes.*]

21. THE MEMOIRS OF ROBERT CARY, Earl of Monmouth.

Being a contemporary record of the life of that nobleman as Warden of the Marches and at the Court of Elizabeth.

Editor, G. H. POWELL. With frontispiece from the original edition, representing Queen Elizabeth in a state procession, with the Earl of Monmouth and others in attendance.

19. THE GULL'S HORNBOOK.

By THOMAS DEKKER. Editor, R. B. McKERROW. Frontispiece, The nave of St. Paul's Cathedral at the time of Elizabeth.

29. SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Editor, C. C. STOPES. Frontispiece, Portrait of the Earl of Southampton.

4. THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE,
Knight.

By his son-in-law, WILLIAM ROPER. With letters to and from his famous daughter, Margaret Roper. Frontispiece, Portrait of Sir Thomas More, after Holbein.

33. THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS
MORE.

By ANNE MANNING. Preface by RICHARD GARNETT. Frontispiece, "The Family of Sir Thomas More."

40. SIR THOMAS MORE'S UTOPIA.

Now for the first time edited in modern spelling from *the first English edition*, with notes and bibliography by ROBERT STEELE. Frontispiece, Portrait of Sir Thomas More, after an early engraving.

44. THE FOUR LAST THINGS, by SIR T.
MORE, together with A Spiritual Consolation
and other Treatises by JOHN FISHER, Bishop of
Rochester.

Edited by DANIEL O'CONNOR. Frontispiece after two designs from the "Daunce of Death."

43. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE UPON THE
GARDENS OF EPICURUS, together with
other XVIIth Century Garden Essays.

Edited, and with notes and introduction, by A. FORBES
SIEVEKING, F.S.A. Frontispiece, Portrait of Sir William
Temple, and five reproductions of early "Garden" engravings.

5. EIKON BASILIKE : or, The King's Book.

Edited by EDWARD ALMACK, F.S.A. Frontispiece, Portrait of
King Charles I. This edition, which has been printed from an
advance copy of the King's Book seized by Cromwell's soldiers,
is the first inexpensive one for a hundred years in which the
original spelling of the first edition has been preserved.

6, 7, 51, 52. KINGS' LETTERS.

Part I. Letters of the Kings of England, from Alfred to the
Coming of the Tudors, newly edited from the originals by
ROBERT STEELE, F.S.A. Frontispiece, Portrait of Henry V.

Part II. From the Early Tudors, with the love-letters of
Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and with frontispiece, Portrait
of Anne Boleyn.

Parts III. and IV., bringing the series up to modern times,
are in preparation, under the same editorship, as Nos. 51, 52.

39. THE ROYAL POETS OF ENGLAND
AND SCOTLAND.

Being Original Poems by English Kings and other Royal and
Noble Persons, now first collected and edited by W. BAILEY-
KEMPLING. Frontispiece, Portrait of King James I. of Scotland,
after an early engraving.

56. THE CAVALIER TO HIS LADY : an
Anthology of XVIIth Century Love Songs.

Selected and edited by FRANK SIDGWICK, M.A. Frontispiece.

60. DANIEL'S "DELIA" AND DRAYTON'S
"IDEA": two Elizabethan sonnet-sequences.

Edited by ARUNDELL ESDAILE, M.A. Frontispiece.

13. THE LIFE OF MARGARET GODOLPHIN.

By JOHN EVELYN, the famous diarist. Re-edited from the edition of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. Frontispiece, Portrait of Margaret Godolphin engraved on copper.

15. THE FALSTAFF LETTERS.

Editor, JAMES WHITE, possibly with the assistance of CHARLES LAMB, *cf. the Introduction*. Frontispiece, Sir John Falstaff dancing to Master Brooks' fiddle, from the original edition.

14. EARLY LIVES OF DANTE.

Comprising Boccaccio's Life of Dante, Leonardo Bruni's Life of Dante, and other important contemporary records.

Translated and edited by the Rev. PHILIP H. WICKSTEED. Frontispiece, The Death-mask of Dante.

46. DANTE'S VITA NUOVA.

The Italian text with D. G. ROSSETTI's translation on the opposite page. Introduction and notes by Professor H. OELSNER, Ph.D., Lecturer in Romance Literature, Oxford University. Frontispiece after the original water-colour sketch for "Dante's Dream," by D. G. ROSSETTI.

12. THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

From "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius, translated by W. ADLINGTON (1566), edited by W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D. With frontispiece representing the "Marriage of Cupid and Psyche," after a gem now in the British Museum.

23. CICERO'S "FRIENDSHIP," "OLD AGE,"
AND "SCIPIO'S DREAM."

From early translations. Editor, W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D. Frontispiece, "Scipio, Laelius and Cato conversing," from a fourteenth-century MS.

* * 2. SIX DRAMAS OF CALDERON.

Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. Editor, H. OELSNER, M.A., Ph.D. Frontispiece, Portrait of Calderon, from an etching by M. EGUSQUIZA. [*Double volume.*]

42. SWIFT'S BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

Together with Selections from the Literature of the Ancient and Modern Learning Controversy.

Edited by A. GUTHRIE, with notes and introduction. Frontispiece.

38. WALPOLE'S CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

The introduction of Sir WALTER SCOTT. Preface by Miss C. SPURGEON. Frontispiece, Portrait of Walpole, after a contemporary engraving.

30. GEORGE ELIOT'S SILAS MARNER.

Frontispiece, Portrait of George Eliot, from a water-colour drawing by Mrs. CHARLES BRAY. Introduction by RICHARD GARNETT.

31. GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Introduction by RICHARD GARNETT. Frontispiece, Portrait of Oliver Goldsmith.

32. CHARLES READE'S PEG WOFFINGTON.

Frontispiece, Portrait of Peg Woffington. Introduction by RICHARD GARNETT.

16. POLONIUS, a Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances.

By EDWARD FITZGERALD. With portrait of Edward Fitzgerald from the miniature by Mrs. E. M. B. RIVETT-CARNAC as frontispiece; notes and index. Contains a preface by EDWARD FITZGERALD, on Aphorisms generally.

* * 24. WORDSWORTH'S PRELUDE.

The introduction and notes have been written by W. BASIL WORSFOLD, M.A., and the frontispiece is taken from the portrait

of Wordsworth by H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A., in the National Gallery. A map of the Lake District is added.

[*Double volume.*]

54, 55. THE ESSAYS OF ELIA.

Fully edited, with Notes, Introduction, etc., by THOMAS SECCOMBE, M.A. Frontispieces.

49. MRS. GASKELL'S CRANFORD.

With an Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. The frontispiece reproduced after the portrait by Sir W. RICHMOND, R.A.

25. THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE and
other Poems by WILLIAM MORRIS.

Editor, ROBERT STEELE. With reproduction of DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI's picture of "Lancelot and Guenevere at King Arthur's tomb" as frontispiece.

26, 27. BROWNING'S "MEN AND WOMEN."

Edited with introduction and notes by W. BASIL WORSFOLD, M.A. Two volumes, each with portrait of Browning as frontispiece.

[*In two volumes.*]

28. POE'S POEMS.

Editor, EDWARD HUTTON. Frontispiece, Poe's cottage.

34. SAPPHO: One Hundred Lyrics

By BLISS CARMAN. With frontispiece after a Greek gem.

To be continued.

NOTE.—*At the date of this list, January 1908, Nos. 1-39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 48 and 49 were published. Other numbers subsequent to 39 were at press or about to go to press.*

CHATTO & WINDUS,

111 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.

[*Please turn over.*]

THE SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

General Editor, PROFESSOR I. GOLLANCZ, Litt.D.

PART I. THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE, in 40 Vols. Editor, Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL, in some cases with the late W. G. BOSWELL-STONE.

PART II. THE SHAKESPEARE CLASSICS: a series of reprints embodying the Novels, Plays and Romances, used by Shakespeare as the originals or direct sources of his Plays.

PART III. THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE FOR THE YOUNG: edited by Prof. GOLLANCZ. Each volume is illustrated and contains the chief songs set to music for home or school use.

PART IV. SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND: a series of volumes illustrative of the life, thought, and letters of England in Shakespeare's time.

The detailed prospectus post free on application.

BIBLIOTHECA ROMANICA

Under the sub-headings—*Bibliothèque Française, Biblioteca Italiana, Biblioteca Española, Biblioteca Portuguesa*—are here issued selected classics of the Romance Languages, in, and with notes and necessary introductions also in, the original language of the several volumes. Cartridge paper binding 8d. net, cloth 1s. net.

The detailed prospectus post free on application.

CHATTO & WINDUS
Publishers



111 St. Martin's
Lane,
London, W.C.



PR
1178
R6K4

Kempling, William Bailey
Poets royal of England
and Scotland

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

